

For three summers, he has worked like a dog in the corn field, the harvest field and the hay field; and his father never likes to see him leave for the university; for since he was told he could go to school winters if he worked well summers, Tom has been worth more than two ordinary hired men.

For three falls, Tom has watched with growing anxiety for the little tailor-made girl to come marching up the concrete walk; and not yet has she disappointed him or failed to patter, patter, patter across the library floor with her eyes open wide, and the half-womanly, half-childish dignity showing in her face.

In chapel he has watched her bow her head slowly for prayer, though many times she has been in the center of a giggling row; and now he feels a reverence for prayer which he never understood before.

Last month he heard that her father had been "pushed to the wall;" and he imagines that her eyes are a shade more serious than ever and that she has worn this year's gown longer than usual. He does not know much about thread-bare gowns, though, for he is not a connoisseur of clothes; but he has felt a great pity for her, surging—almost into words.

Sometimes, he wonders if he will ever be able to call her a friend of his; and sometimes even contemplates trying to gain an introduction; but he sees the jerky swing of his arm and the big knuckles of his muscular hand and calls himself a fool. And yet—he wonders if he will ever hear her patter, patter, patter and see her earnest eyes again after next June when he graduates. A.

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Governor's Discovery.

Governor is playing in the snow. It is the first snow he has ever played in, and he hardly knows what to make of it. He paws it, he smells it, he looks at it curiously, he licks it,—ugh! it's cold. What a funny kind of grass it is anyway. Will it do to roll in, to frisk about in? Governor will see. Yes, it's all right, but it's wet, and gets his fine wool all in strings so that he looks like any ordinary pup instead of a petted creature of high degree.

Governor has a way of jumping about two feet in the air when he barks, as if there were a spring arrangement inside which ran both parts of the machine at once. He wonders if it will work in that kind of grass. Yes, famously! And he and the little black dog down on the walk can chase each other and jump and bounce like rubber balls and go whizz!—over the ground. What a lot of fun!

Don't you wish you were a bow-wow for about an hour after the snow falls?

F. B.

The Graham Taylor house has been quarantined on account of scarlet fever in the neighborhood.

Prof. Lucky attended the national association of principals of schools which convened in Indianapolis, Indiana, last week. He delivered a lecture before the association.

Prof. H. W. Caldwell will read a paper at the meeting of the teacher's association of southwestern Iowa, to be held at Council Bluffs April 2. The subject of the paper is the "Source Method of Teaching History."

The P. B. D. C. will discuss the question Saturday evening, "Resolved, that cities should own and control street railways." The leaders of the debate are: Affirmative, Messrs Stewart and Ayr; negative, Lee and Green.